A

POEM

ON

REGENERATION,

OR, THE

NEW BIRTH:

Compoſed into common Metre, and publiſh'd for the Help of weak and doubting Chriſtians.

To which are added,

A few REMARKS on the preſent Rebellion.

By the Author of the *Country-Man's Companion.*

John iii. 3. *And Jeſus anſwered, and ſaid unto him, Except a Man be born again, he cannot ſee the Kingdom of God.*

EDINBURGH,
Printed by *Thomas Lumiſden* and *John Robertſon*, for the Author. M. DCC. XLVI.

1746

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
60
JUN

THE Author to the Reader.

COME, ſerious Reader, here is Work for thee,
Which muſt be done ere thou canſt happy be.
'Tis not Re-entry to thine antient Cell
(As Nicodemus thought) can ſave from Hell:
Nor is't a Change of Eſſence of thy Soul;
New Qualities are giv'n without Controul.
Baptiſm and the Supper's not Regeneration;
Numbers receive them both, yet miſs Salvation.
A fair Profeſſion brings no heav'nly Reſt;
Haſt thou no more, thou'rt but deceiv'd at beſt.
Outward Conformity unto God's Law
No Sinner can to bleſſed Jeſus draw.
A Man may read, may pray, the Sabbath keep
In blameleſs Life, and for ſome Sins may weep;
Yet our exalted Jeſus doth proclaim
A Hypocrite to be his very Name.
Th' old Man reſtrain'd cannot this New Birth be,
Abimelech no ſaving Light could ſee.
The common Gifts the Spirit doth beſtow
On Elect and on Reprobate below
Give no Acceptance at Jehovah's Throne,
Elſe Judas had not to Perdition gone.
'Tis not with thee, O Man, as with a Tree;
A Bud, a Flow'r, a Leaf, proves Life in it to be:
But thou mayſt bud, yea flouriſh, and bear Leaves,
Yet in the Harveſt with thee bring no Sheaves.
Some partial Changes on thy Soul and Heart
No heav'nly Light will e'er to thee impart.

O read with Trembling what th' Apoſtle writes
Unto the Hebrews, *while he thus indites*
Of ſome who did by great Profeſſion ſtand
Juſt on the Confines of Emmanuel's *Land,*
Who while they try'd that they might enter in,
Their high Profeſſions were but ſplendid Sin.
Thou mayſt come all theſe Lengths that's here wrote down,
And yet of Glory thou mayſt loſe the Crown.
Some ſay that thou'rt a Saint, while others ſcoff;
Well, at the Judgment then thy Mask falls off.
O dreadful Diſappointment! laſting Wo!
In Hopes of Heav'n at Death, to Hell muſt go?
This Work then is far 'bove the Reach of Men;
From Heav'n, not Earth, thou muſt be born again.
A Law-work leſs or more preceeds this Change;
The Man convinc'd, on Sin will have Revenge.
The Law's Command is, that the Man muſt die;
Sin doth revive, the Man to Chriſt doth flie.
He, Peter-*like, in's Chains ſlept once ſecure;*
Sinai's *Thunders now he can't endure.*
This is that Bondage unto Fear to ſome,
Until the Spirit of Adoption come:
From thence the Underſtanding, with its Pow'rs,
Gets Light and Life by Heav'n's refreſhing Show'rs;
Its nat'ral Darkneſs in ſome Meaſure gone,
The Man, through Chriſt, flies ſtraight to Mercy's Throne.
God, in the firſt Creation, firſt made Light;
So, in this new, Light ſhines exceeding bright.
As Moſes' *Face to th'* Iſra'lites *was vail'd,*
So is Chriſt's Face to theſe with Sin aſſail'd.
But Chriſt is lovely to the Man renew'd;
By Chriſt, in him Sin's reigning Pow'r's ſubdu'd.
A new Aſſent he has to Things Divine;
His Heart's on Chriſt, to's Truths it doth incline.
The Judgment's chang'd to ev'ry earthly Thing;
Honours, Profits, Pleaſures him no Comfort bring.
His Eſtimate, once great of Vanities,
As Droſs and Dung doth all of them deſpiſe.

His

His Purposes have got another Cast;
Once for the World, now for Heav'n at last.
His Reasonings were once for Self and Sin,
But now for Christ Recov'ry doth begin.
His Will is chang'd, its Center is above;
It yields to Christ a Captive to his Love.
Th' Enjoyments are new it doth possess,
Ev'n God and Christ in Life of Holiness.
Th' Affections chang'd, Desire, Fear, Joy and Love;
They're set on God, and Things that are above.
Likeness to God and Christ they do desire;
Love rising from his Love does them inspire.
Their Sorrow's chang'd: Once Loss of earthly Things,
But now their Sin 'gainst Heaven them Trouble brings.
They mourn an absent God in Pain and Grief,
Nor are they eas'd till once he send Relief.
In Conscience chang'd, a Light that is Divine
Shines in the Soul; from Sin it doth decline:
That Monitor for God doth act within,
Directs to Duty, and debars from Sin.
The Mem'ry now retains the precious Words
Of blessed Jesus; they are as drawn Swords
'Gainst Satan, Sin, the World, and Death and Hell:
Those heav'nly Weapons do their Fury quell.
A Constitution weak, Grace doth not heal;
Only the Soul doth to Redemption seal.
For further Marks, to try if thou'rt renew'd,
Go through these Lines: If Sin's in thee subdu'd,
Some Things may find will Gladness give thine Heart,
If God, when reading, Light and Life impart.
If thou'rt a Critick, nothing here thou'lt find
To please thy Taste, to satisfy thy Mind.
No Flow'rs of Rhet'rick do this Poem crown,
In homely Dress here wrote to those cast down.
The Dignity of this most noble Theme
The greatest Saint its Worth can scarcely name:
'Tis better felt than any can express,
The very Door to perfect Happiness.
What here thou reads for or against thy State,
O ponder well before it be too late.

Hadst

Hadſt thou all Things beneath the Heav'ns that lie,
If unrenew'd, an Heir of Hell muſt die.
Haſte, Reader, haſte; no Time thou haſt to ſpare:
Converſion in old Age is very rare.
Art thou a Saint? yet mind thy Work's not done,
Tho' born again; nay, ſure, it is too ſoon:
As if the Iſra'lites *they then had thought*
They're in Canaan, *when through the* Red-ſea *brought;*
While ſtill a Wilderneſs before their Hand
Was full of Dangers to the promis'd Land:
Or as a Ship new built, load, put to Sea,
The Mariners they may expect to be
Hard toſs'd in Dangers; Trouble great of Mind,
Ere they the Harbour make they firſt deſign'd.
Altho' Converſion put thee in the Way
That narrow is, yet thou mayſt go aſtray,
Have Hardſhips great, Anxiety of Mind,
Before that thou canſt Glory's Harbour find.
Diſdain th' Amuſements pleaſant may appear,
Mind ſtollen Sweets may coſt thee very dear;
But do thou live, but do thou die to God,
Then thou ſhalt walk that bright and ſhining Road
That leads to Chriſt by this Regeneration,
From him at length thou'lt get the great Salvation.
But is thy Heart too hard, to thy great Loſs,
In Floods of Tears to weep the bloody Croſs
Where Jeſus dy'd, from Sin to free thy Soul?
Here's Condeſcenſion great without Controul:
Here plunge thy Thoughts with utmoſt Force and Speed;
Here meditate with Care, when thou doſt read
What Doctor Watts *in's lyrick Poems writes,*
With Energy and Life he thus indites:

Did ever Pity ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in Divinity in Blood?
Was ever Rebel courted ſo
With Grones of an expiring God?

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 60 JUN

A POEM ON REGENERATION OR THE NEW BIRTH.

1 THE sov'reign Lord of Heav'ns and Earth
to Mankind shews his Love;
Lo, all the Blessings they receive
come from himself above.

2 But ah the desp'rate wicked Heart
turns ev'ry one aside,
And in their nat'ral cursed State
they love there to abide.

3 Tho' Gospel-light with Lustre shine
round us in ev'ry Place,
Most Part of Men are Strangers to
regenerating Grace.

4 The Means of this most blessed Change
it is the Word of God,
That's by the Gospel preach'd to us
while here we have Abode.

5 The Sound of which, like other Sounds,
doth quickly pass away;
The bless'd Effects on those renew'd
for ever with them stay,

6 This precious Seed ſow'n in the Heart
to Life eternal Springs;
When nouriſh'd by the Spirit, Man
from Death eternal brings.
7 What's here deſign'd is to point out
the many ſad Miſtakes
Goſpel-profeſſors fall into,
as ſacred Truth relates.
8 Come, Sinners, view theſe dreadful Rocks
where Thouſands Shipwreck make:
Doſt thou regard thy precious Soul?
here timeous Warning take.
9 In Nature falſe Conceptions be,
ſo alſo are in Grace;
On partial Changes many Men
do fondly build their Peace.
10 Some who the Church their *Mother* call,
falſe Brethren are at beſt;
They, Viper-like, within her Bow'ls
diſturb her Peace and Reſt.
11 All baptiz'd Ones are not renew'd,
elſe *Simon* could not be
Still in the Gall of Bitterneſs,
Bond of Iniquity.
12 While true Religion flouriſheth,
Numbers profeſs the ſame:
When Storms ariſe, nothing of Chriſt
they have but juſt the Name.
13 Good Education chains Mens Luſts,
but yet the Heart's unſound:
A Wolf ſtill is a rav'nous Beaſt
tho' it in Chains be bound.
14 While holy *Jehoiada* liv'd,
Joaſh reform'd his Way;
But by Apoſtaſy he did
ſoon after go aſtray.
15 Some, turning from Profanity,
in ſober Life are found,
Fall ſhort of this moſt bleſſed Change;
ſad Inſtances abound.

16 Great Numbers by Profeſſion do
run here and there in Tribes,
Whoſe Righteouſneſs comes ſcarcely up
to Phariſees and Scribes.
17 One may religious Duties do,
and not be born again:
Tho' Lead be caſt in various Shapes,
baſe Metal doth remain.
18 Worldly Pollutions may be ſhunn'd;
ſome Men theſe Ills decline
No better will be found at length
than like to Dogs and Swine.
19 Religious external Acts
within the Compaſs ſtand
Of natural Abilities,
they oft join Hand in Hand.
20 Yea, Hypocrites may counterfeit
all Graces of the Spirit;
But, deſtitute of Faith unfeign'd,
they cannot Life inherit.
21 Diſquietudes of Mind may be
reſembling New-birth Throws:
But ye the Man may die in Birth,
he to Deſtruction goes.
22 *Pharaoh* and *Simon Magus* had
Convictions did them bind;
Made them the Help of others ſeek,
but no Relief could find.
23 Ev'n *Judas* did repent, and back
his Silver Pieces brought;
In Terrors of his Conſcience he
his Ruin quickly wrought.
24 All is not Gold that gliſtereth:
Trees bloſſom may in Spring;
But, when the Harveſt-ſeaſon's come,
no Fruit they forth do bring.
25 Some mighty Horrours have of Mind,
nothing on Earth can quell,
Preſages of the Wrath to come,
Fore-taſtes they are of Hell.

26 The New Birth in Appearance may
moſt hopefully begin,
But marr'd may be by yielding to
all Wickedneſs and Sin.
27 Some *Zarah*-like, when brought to Birth,
turn quickly back again,
More hardned in their nat'ral State
than ever do remain.
28 They've ſharp Convictions for a while;
but theſe go quickly off;
More careleſs of Salvation, they
at Holineſs do ſcoff.
29 Awakning Grace to darkſom Shades
doth quickly paſs away,
As Midnight's Darkneſs' faſt Approach
doth Light's declining Day.
30 Some, *Iſhmael*-like, are born too ſoon,
they dream of Goſpel-eaſe
Before the Goſpel-promiſe come;
a mere Law-work them pleaſe.
31 They Conſolation graſp with Greed,
not waiting for the ſame,
But fooliſhly draw Comfort from
the Law that wounded them.
32 The healing Plaiſter they apply
contrived by their Art,
Before their Wound ſufficiently
by Searching's made to ſmart.
33 The Law, that rig'rous Husband, doth
Sinai's Curſes throw
In Soul and Conſcience ev'ry-where,
except to Chriſt they go.
34 In numberleſs Performances
with utmoſt Labour toſt,
They read, they pray, they vow and ſwear,
till once they lay this Ghoſt.
35 And when at length this Point is gain'd,
that Conſcience falls aſleep,
Their State ſtill worſe and worſe doth grow,
they plunge from Deep to Deep.

36 Than

36 Than Self and their own Righteouſneſs
they never further win;
Not coming up to Chriſt for Life,
are utterly undone.
37 Great Movings in ſome Souls there are
that's deſtitute of Grace;
Tho', *Eſau*-like, they ſeek with Tears,
Repentance find no Place.
38 Flaſhes of Joy ſometimes there are
with Goſpel-hearers found,
That's like unto that Parable
giv'n of the Stony Ground.
39 Yea, great Deſires to Things that's good,
Delight in them alſo;
Like to thoſe Hypocrites deſcrib'd,
God's Ways delight to know.
40 Behold how high they ſometime ſtand,
who yet may fall from Grace:
They've Light, they taſte the heav'nly Gift,
with a pretended Peace;
41 Partakers of the Holy Ghoſt,
taſte of the Word of God,
Pow'rs of the Life that is to come
likewiſe in this Abode:
42 But yet the Goſpel preach'd to them
is like the Winter's Sun;
It giveth Light, but yields no Heat,
they to Perdition run.
43 A Land-flood, when it comes, doth make
Things from their Place to riſe;
So doth the Spirit's common Work
the nat'ral Man ſurpriſe.
44 When all is over, ev'ry Thing
doth in its Place remain:
So doth the Man was ſo ſurpris'd
fall faſt aſleep again.
45 Theſe Things may be where never did
Chriſt's holy Spirit reſt,
To give them Life as well as Light;
ſo Hypocrites at beſt.

46 This is a ſhort but diſmal View
of Stints and Lengths moſt Men
Under the Means of Grace may come,
yet God will them condemn.
47 Leſt ſome who gracious Perſons are
theſe Things their Hearts make ſad,
Here read that Change the Spirit brings
to them he doth make glad.
48 Man by the Fall disjointed was,
no right Thing did remain;
But by renewing Grace the Lord
his Joints ſets right again.
49 O wonderful this Change muſt be
the Divine Spirit brings!
Through Soul and Body heav'nly Grace
doth run like Water-ſprings.
50 There's in Regeneration-work
a Change of Qualities,
But not of Subſtance; ſo the Man
in Haſte for Mercy cries.
51 The Underſtanding once was dark,
is now a Lamp of Light;
The Will was obſtinate before,
doth chooſe what Things are right.
52 The old Man with his Deeds put off,
the new Man is put on;
The vitious Qualities of Mind
their Pow'r and Strength are gone.
53 None of the Faculties of Soul
to Man was loſt by Sin;
An Underſtanding ſtill he had,
but Darkneſs dwelt therein.
54 Likewiſe a Will he ſtill retain'd,
but was contrary to
The Will of God; which wofully
quite did the Man undo.
55 So by Regeneration is
no new Creation made
Of Subſtance; but new Qualities,
reviving Souls that's dead.

56 The Change is ſupernatural
that formeth this new Creature;
When born of God, Partakers they
are of the Divine Nature.
57 Black Nature, elevated by
external Revelation,
May one turn to another Man,
as *Saul* in's Generation;
58 But never may a new Man be:
when changed is the Heart,
God's ſanctifying Spirit doth
this bleſſed Change impart.
59 In Likeneſs unto God the Man
transformed is by Grace:
This Change in Holineſs doth make
him ſhine in ev'ry Place.
60 The Child may like the Parent be,
begot in this Abode:
So doth an Heir of Glory bear
the Image of his God.
61 This is an univerſal Change:
as far as Sin hath gone,
This precious Remedy doth reach
by Faith in Chriſt alone.
62 When on the Soul's Birth-day the Lord
doth ope' the Sluce of Grace,
Theſe Waters fruitful make the Man
of all good Works in Peace.
63 All partial Changes are at beſt
a new Life pinn'd with Care
To an old Heart; a gracious Change
a thorow Change declare.
64 Yet 'tis but an imperfect Change,
tho' ev'ry Part's renew'd:
'Tis by the Spirit's gradual Work
Sin is by Grace ſubdu'd.
65 For as the Child hath all the Parts
of Man when brought to Light;
So hath the Man that's born again
each Part of him ſet right.

66 Then,

66 Then, as the Child by daily Growth
in Time with Manhood tryſt,
So doth a Child of God become
a perfect Man in Chriſt.

67 Some Remainders of Sin abide,
to which the Heart incline;
Still keep the Man unmeet for Heav'n,
till Light of Glory ſhine.

68 Nevertheleſs a laſting Change
this will for ever prove:
The righteous Root is firm and faſt,
nothing can e'er it move.

69 Theſe Changes, as obſerv'd before,
they cannot laſting be:
This bleſſed Change it will abide
through all Eternitie.

70 The Life Regeneration gives
may languiſh and decay,
But cannot utterly be loſt;
free Grace ſupports alway.

71 But here, more cloſely to obſerve,
into the Mind is giv'n
(Of which the Underſtanding taſtes)
a new Light ſent from Heav'n.

72 Into the Heart, once Dungeon dark,
this Light of Life ſhines bright:
The Shades of Night are paſt and gone,
now comes the Morning-light.

73 The Man illuminated is
in Knowledge of his God;
Far other Thoughts he hath of him
than while Sin's Paths he trode.

74 He's made to ſay, *I've heard of thee*
by hearing of the Ear,
But now mine Eyes do ſee my God;
I'll worſhip him in fear.

75 Yea, further, he enlightned is
in Knowledge of his Sin;
He lothes the ugly vile Eſtate
he formerly was in.

76 O what deformed Monſters do
beloved Luſts appear!
Right-eye he plucks, Right-hand he cuts,
that once to him were dear.
77 He is inſtructed of himſelf,
the Prodigal returns;
He ſees the Plagues of his own Heart,
moſt bitterly he mourns.
78 No Sepulchre, no Puddle is
ſo vile before his Eyes,
As lothſom Self is now become;
this Change doth him ſurpriſe.
79 He's no worſe than he was before;
but now the Sun doth ſhine,
The Day of Grace is broke, his Sins
round him in Troops combine.
80 This Light gives Knowledge to the Man
of Jeſus Chriſt his Lord;
The *Pow'r of God* he's unto him,
and doth him Help afford.
81 A Man may preach and talk of Chriſt,
yet Stranger to him be,
As one deſcribes a precious Jew'l
his Eyes did never ſee.
82 Or as a Man in Journey gone,
doth there a Stranger find,
A good Opinion hath of him,
as moſt diſcreet and kind;
83 But yet at parting will not let
his Gold with him remain,
Since, but a Stranger, doth not know
if e'er they meet again:
84 Juſt ſo do many deal with Chriſt;
a good Opinion they
Conceive of him, but will not truſt
themſelves to him each Way.
85 But this regenerating Light,
beyond Opinion, brings
The lifeleſs Man to find in Chriſt
of Life the living Springs.

86 Chriſt crucify'd his Uſefulneſs
unto the Sinner's Caſe,
This Light of Grace makes manifeſt;
he Captives doth releaſe.
87 The riſing Sun, that darks the Stars,
his Beams the Earth revive;
So doth the Sun of Righteouſneſs
dead Sinners make to live.
88 The Vanity of worldly Things
this Light doth naked make;
The Penitent, for Things unſeen,
doth all of them forſake.
89 He's ſet as't were amongſt the Stars
that ſparkle in the Sky,
From whence all Glories here below
are worthleſs in his Eye.
90 This Earth's a howling Wilderneſs,
a Valley is of Tears,
Where ev'ry Saint endu'd with Grace
doth meet with Doubts and Fears.
91 Tho' God this Sign of Vanity
at the Creation's Door
Hath hung, moſt Men do throng the Houſe
each Day, yea, ev'ry Hour.
92 Theſe Things they eagerly purſue
no Eaſe bring to the Mind;
They're Strangers to this Light of Grace,
them Cords of Sorrows bind.
93 The Convert, of all ſp'ritual Things
that's needful to Salvation,
Is by God's Holy Spirit taught
in this Regeneration.
94 It is no eaſy Thing for Man
his Mind to acquieſce
In Divine Truths, while he's beſet
with his own Righteouſneſs.
95 But this Illumination doth
Man's Mind a Captive lead
At Chriſt's triumphant Chariot-wheels,
his Lord, his King, his Head.

96 To over-drive and tumble down,
all Things did God withſtand,
He in this Day of Pow'r and Grace
doth yield at God's Command.
97 But further, here the Will's renew'd,
the ſtony Heart is fled;
A Heart of Fleſh doth it ſucceed,
whereof the Man is glad.
98 Into the Mediator's Lips
Heav'n's Oratory dwell;
Moſt pow'rfully, yet ſweetly calls
loſt Sinners back from Hell.
99 Cords of a Man, and Bands of Love
he holds in's pow'rful Hand;
His Love a Goſpel-net doth make,
hales Sinners ſafe to Land.
100 Chriſt's Elect Ones more weighty are
than Mountains great of Braſs:
Love ſtrong as Death, its Cords them draw
from Foes that them oppreſs.
101 Of utter Inability
to do what's truly good,
The Will is cur'd, and now doth chuſe
thoſe Things it once withſtood.
102 God's Spirit to the Priſon comes,
where Priſoners ly bound;
His pow'rful Grace breaks off their Bonds,
their Chains fall to the Ground.
103 He to a large Place brings them forth,
as God's peculiar Treaſure;
Works in them both to will and do
of his good Will and Pleaſure.
104 There's in the Will Averſion wrought
to Evils great and ſmall;
Sin's ſweeteſt Morſel is become
moſt bitter as the Gall.
105 When Springs are ſtopt, at Bottom doth
the Mud unmoved ſtay,
But when they're clear'd, then by Degrees
the Mud doth paſs away:

105 So with the unregen'rate Man,
in's Heart Sin eaſy lies,
But in Converſion he's found out
by his Iniquities.
107 When once the Lord the rocky Heart
ſtrikes with his Rod of Strength,
Grace more and more ſprings up unto
eternal Life at length.
108 The corrupt Nature is the Source
of ev'ry evil Thing;
The trembling Soul doth oft it to
the Great Phyſician bring.
109 What Sorrow, Shame, Self-lothing is
through Soul and Body gone,
When Grace triumphant Entrance makes
into the Heart of Stone?
110 Likewiſe, the Will endued is
with Inclinations bent
To good: In its deprived State
Time fooliſhly was ſpent.
111 Th' Omnipotent's all-conq'ring Arm
from Ill to Good doth draw;
On ev'ry Corner of the Heart
is wrote JEHOVAH's Law.
112 The gracious Soul habitually
ſerves God: He ſave it ſhall,
Its Home, its Dewelling-place alway,
to Generations all.
113 God's Law impreſs'd thus on the Man,
tho' it Corruptions blot,
Yet God at ev'ry Time can read
what Things he there had wrote.
114 This Law, this holy Covenant
for ever will endure,
Where is contain'd for Elect Souls
all *David's Mercies ſure.*
115 God's Precepts and his Providence
the Man doth now obſerve;
From's Law, that's holy, juſt and good,
not wilfully he'll ſwerve.

116 The

116 The Soul is reconciled to
this Covenant of Peace;
A Covenant God fram'd himself
for Sinners, full of Grace.
117 Nothing in it superfluous,
nor any Thing it needs;
For God JEHOVAH 'it contriv'd
amongst his mighty Deeds.
118 The Will dispos'd is to receive
Christ as its only Lord;
The Soul submits to him, by it
he's rev'rently ador'd.
119 Grace breaks the Iron Sinew did
the Man stiff-necked make;
Christ's Yoke he willingly puts on,
his Cross he doth up-take.
120 The Will being thus renew'd by Grace,
the main Work now is done;
There's Room made in the Soul for Christ,
who hath this Conquest won.
121 The inner Door now of the Will
to him's wide opened;
Through th' Understanding's outer Door,
there is free Entrance made.
122 Spiritual or heav'nly Life
now to the Soul is giv'n:
First vital Act is to receive
Christ Jesus sent from Heav'n.
123 Th' immediate and blest Effect
will Union with him be,
Ev'n Pow'r to be the Sons of God
thro' vast Eternitie.
124 This glorious King triumphantly
by's Spirit storms the Heart;
It yields: He there by Faith doth dwell,
Heav'n's Joys all to impart.
125 Th' Affections, this most blessed Change
doth rectify the same:
They're set on God himself, and Things
above the starry Frame.

126 The Man that with the World cry'd out,
O ſhew ſome worldly Sight,
Has chang'd his Note, *Thy Countenance,*
Lord, lift on me its Light.
127 *No Beauty* once in Chriſt he ſaw,
why he's to be deſir'd;
Now *altogether lovely*, he
with Love to him's inſpir'd.
128 He rather gracious be, than great;
an Heir of Life, than Land:
His Hope of an eternal Life
doth on the Promiſe ſtand.
129 His Hope, once ſtak'd to earthly Thing,
is on that *Glory* ſet
To be reveal'd; which bleſſed Views
make him his Woes forget.
130 Which *Hope, the Anchor of his Soul*,
is firmly fix'd above;
And, *being brought from Death to Life*,
he doth the *Brethren love.*
131 The Ordinances of his God
they *amiable* be,
Thoſe *Tabernacles of his Grace*
he doth with Pleaſure ſee.
132 Although the Law in Pieces hew
all his beloved Luſts,
'Tis *holy, juſt and good* to him;
in God his Rock he truſts.
133 Th' Affections further, by this Change,
are regulate by Grace;
Their Wings are clip'd, they bounded are
within their proper Place.
134 His Father, Mother, Wife and Child,
yea, and his Life beſide,
The Love he bears to precious Chriſt
with them will not divide.
135 Deſires unholy unto Chriſt
and to his Grace may be;
Like to the Virgins wanting Oil,
no Chriſt but Self they ſee.

136 A Sorrow that's unſanctify'd
for Sin, is found with ſome;
Not as diſpleaſing unto God,
but Fear of Wrath to come:
137 But Grace th' Affections ſcrews above
Earth's Pleaſures, Sin and Wo;
Pulls down God's Rivals in the Heart,
Perſons or Things below.
138 Regenerating Grace doth ſet
th' Affections firm on God;
The Man quits hold of ev'ry Thing,
with Him to have Abode.
139 All lawful Enjoyments it doth,
like *Joſeph*'s Mantle, make
Hang looſe, that, when the Man's enſnar'd,
may quickly them forſake.
140 If our Affections never were
to Jeſus Chriſt thus knit,
We're doubtleſs going down the Stream
to Death's devouring Pit.
141 The Conſcience likewiſe is renew'd,
there's ſet in it new Light:
This Candle of the Lord doth ſhine
into the Heart moſt bright,
142 Diſcov'ring Sins lay hid before:
This doth the Soul ſurpriſe,
What helliſh Luſts did it poſſeſs
ſo long in ſuch Diſguiſe.
143 Eſpecially is brought to Light
Nature's Depravity,
The Seed, the Spawn, from whence doth flow
all vile Iniquity.
144 This doth produce the new Complaint,
O wretched Man, who ſhall
Deliver me from Sin and Death,
and from this State of Thrall?
145 The Eccho's that the Conſcience make,
much like *Sinai*'s Thunder,
Fill ev'ry Corner of the Soul
with Fear, with Dread and Wonder.

146 That

146 That Conſcience once lay faſt aſleep
into the Sinner's Breaſt,
Cries, Flee for Life, elſe Floods of Wrath
will ſurely thee arreſt.
147 There's no more Reſt found for the Man
now in the Sluggard's Bed;
Lo, in his Flight for Life he doth
Tears of Contrition ſhed.
148 It pow'rfully reſtrains from Sin;
ev'n Sins that ſecret be,
Hid from the World, known unto God,
the Conſcience doth them ſee.
149 The Soyereign Authority
of God Omnipotent
The Conſcience urgeth on the Heart,
wherewith it is content;
150 Whereby the Man's engag'd to do
Duty without Delay:
The Fear of God ſo fills the Heart,
drives Fear of Man away.
151 Hence many hazarded have Life
for Things they once contemn'd,
And choſe the Paths with great Delight
they formerly condemn'd.
152 Guilt doth the Conſcience make to ſmart
with bitter ſad Remorſe;
Sin fills the Soul with anxious Fear
in caſe its State turn worſe.
153 Each new Reflection doth on Sin
the Soul ſo deep affect,
Its Wounds do bleed afreſh, it doth
all other Things neglect.
154 A Quickneſs of Senſation doth
the leaſt Tranſgreſſion bring;
The Soul once burnt, doth dread the Fire
of Guilt's devouring Sting.
155 It fears to lean the Hedge where did
the Serpent once it bite:
For each Tranſgreſſion of the Law
the Conſcience doth it ſmite.

156 The Conſcience, when 'tis once renew'd,
drives Sinners in to Chriſt;
That great Phyſician wounded Souls
to's bleeding Wounds doth tryſt.
157 Refuſing Eaſe that's offered
from any other Hand,
The Eye is ſet, the Heart is fix'd
ſtraight on *Emmanuel*'s Land.
158 The Conſcience is not only fir'd,
theſe Evidences prove;
But, being oil'd with heav'nly Grace,
doth bleſſed Jeſus love.
159 The Mem'ry's better'd by this Change,
weak as to earthly Things,
All Injuries it doth forget,
and no Reſentment brings.
160 'Tis ſtrengthned for ſpiritual Things:
here *Solomon* doth give
Advice, *My Son, retain my Law,*
wouldſt thou for ever live.
161 But how this muſt be kept in Mind,
he further doth inſtruct;
Keep my Commandments in thine Heart,
to Life they'll thee conduct.
162 The pow'rful Sweetneſs of the Truth
doth help the Memory,
When once the Heart is touch'd with Grace,
and ſtrengthened thereby.
163 *I'll ne'er forget thy Precepts, Lord,*
thou wilt my Helper be,
For with thy Precepts that's Divine
thou oft haſt quickned me.
164 Some Mem'ries that unſanctify'd
are large not to Salvation,
But ſerve to aggravate their Guilt
for further Condemnation.
165 Did Divine Truths ſink deep in Heart,
on Memory they would
Be more impreſs'd when it is caſt
by Grace in Goſpel-mould.

166 A ſacred Store-houſe 'tis become,
where Zion's Trav'lers find
Both Faith and Hope for their Relief
what Time they fall behind.
167 Former Experiences are
into this Store-houſe found,
As Way-marks for Believers when
they tread on unknown Ground.
163 The Pſalmiſt in like Caſe doth cry,
My God, my Soul's caſt down;
From Jordan's *Land I will thee mind,*
thou'lt bring me to my Crown.
169 It helps the Soul to grieve for Sin,
old Guilt it doth revive:
Tho' pardon'd, makes the Soul to plead,
Lord, Sins of Youth forgive.
170 Like to the Eye where is a Mote
with Rolling reſtleſs be,
Till wat'ry Turns throw forth the ſame,
then it doth clearly ſee;
171 So is the Man that's born again,
when Guilt his Conſcience ſtings,
Doth never reſt till he by Faith
from Chriſt his Comfort brings.
172 And, when unpardon'd Sins do ly
in Conſcience at their Eaſe,
Doth in a Moment bring a Word
the Soul from Sloth doth raiſe.
173 The Word of God, laid up into
a Mem'ry that is bleſt,
Is as a Sword by which the Man
his En'mies doth reſiſt.
174 A Light 'tis in Religion's Way,
a Friend to Righteouſneſs;
And gracious Souls are help'd by it
to Truth and Faithfulneſs.
175 The Body by this bleſſed Change,
that's Heav'nly and Divine,
Is for the Lord; to worſhip him
doth rev'rently incline.

176 A

176 A Temple for the Holy Ghoſt,
there he doth make Abode;
Its Members conſecrated are
to ſerve the living God.
177 Thoſe Members of Unrighteouſneſs,
once Inſtruments to Sin,
Are Inſtruments of Righteouſneſs;
Recov'ry doth begin.
178 Thoſe Eyes convey'd Sin to the Heart,
now piercing as a Sword,
Do ſerve the Soul to view God's Works,
and read his ſacred Word.
179 The Ear, that once Death's Porter was,
a Gate to Life is made;
Chriſt's Goſpel-truths paſs through the ſame
for quickning Souls that's dead.
180 The Tongue, that Nature's Courſe inflam'd,
to'ts Office is reſtor'd;
Deſign'd by God to ſpeak his Praiſe,
by it his Name's ador'd.
181 The Converſation, by this Change,
its Worth can ſcarce be told;
The Man's *all glorious within*,
his *Clothing's of wrought Gold.*
182 He now doth chuſe the Company
that once he could not ſee;
Ev'n *Saints, the Excellent on Earth*,
his ſweet Companions be.
183 In vain ſome Mens Religion is,
while wicked Company
Is their Delight; the Man renew'd
ſuch Company will fly.
184 In's relative Capacity
he gracious is and kind;
In each Relation, God and Man
he doth with Pleaſure mind.
185 The Reaſon in the Man's renew'd,
old Things are done away;
Behold, with him, *all Things are new*,
for Chriſt's his Prop and Stay.

186 In midſt of worldly Buſ'neſs he
keeps up a Trade with Heav'n;
With what he doth poſſeſs below,
from thence the Bleſſing's giv'n.
187 The Saints they labour with their Hands,
leſt daily Bread ſhould fail;
Their Lord appoints this Task for them,
who ſaid, *Thou ſhalt not ſteal.*
188 Concern'd they are Chriſt's Kingdom may
be flouriſhing on Earth;
Religion's Int'reſts they eſpouſe
ev'n to their lateſt Breath.
189 How privately ſoe'er they live,
a publick Spirit Grace
Gives for the Ark and Work of God;
they long for Zion's Peace.
190 So ſoon's they taſte the Pow'r of Grace,
Chriſt's Glory (to them dear)
They to the World will declare;
an Inſtance doth appear.
191 The Woman of *Samaria*
found Jeſus at the Well,
Said to her Friends, *This is the Chriſt,*
all Things he doth me tell.
192 They having felt the Ill of Sin,
do earneſtly deſire
The *World that lies in Wickedneſs*
as *Brands pluck'd from the Fire.*
193 By Word and by Example they
Religion will commend;
Their Pray'rs to Heav'n for Elect Souls
will reach to the World's End.
194 They, in the Uſe of lawful Things,
no Weight do on them lay;
But Means they are brought to their Hand,
to help them in their Way.
195 From higher Springs they Comfort draw,
when they to Chriſt are coming;
Both Heav'n and Life are making ſure,
while latter Springs are running.

196 Thu

196 Thus *Hannah* when God gave a Son,
not in the Gift, but Giver,
Was her Delight; her Soul rejoice
did in the Lord for ever.
197 Tho' earthly Comforts all ſhould fail,
no Fruit be in the Vine,
Nor *Bloſſom* on the *Fig-tree* found,
their Comforts are Divine.
198 The Things uncertain of frail Life
they uſe them warily,
Leſt, being too much pleas'd with them,
in Danger be thereby.
199 Thus *Egypt* Dogs, when they do drink,
into the River *Nile*,
Each Leap they run, leſt Crocodiles
do catch them by the Heel.
200 This Change in all Devotions doth
the Man moſt lively make;
Chriſt's Goſpel-truths, he once deſpis'd,
will never more forſake.
201 The pray'rleſs One begins to pray,
is earneſt for Salvation:
God's Spirit giv'n a *Spirit* is
of Grace and Supplication.
202 As nat'ral 'tis for one renew'd
by Pray'r on God to ſtay,
As for a new-born Child to weep
when Birth doth Light diſplay.
203 Both Heart and Tongue are touched with
a live Coal ſent from Heav'n:
Communion now with God and Chriſt
unto the Man is giv'n.
204 Thus far of this moſt bleſſed Change,
Fruits of redeeming Love:
Short of which Change no Man can come
to Paradiſe above.
205 But further, ſome Reſemblance is
'twixt being born again,
And Generation here below
amongſt the Sons of Men.

206 As Generation Animal
is a myſterious Thing,
So Generation Spiritual
doth Admiration bring.
207 *The Wind where-e'er it liſteth blows,*
the Sound of which we hear:
From whence it comes, and where it goes,
doth not to us appear.
208 So how the Will with Cords of Love
is tamely fettered,
And how the Rebel Sinner is
a willing Captive made,
209 We no more know than one can tell,
tho' Prince of Nature ſtil'd,
What Way the Bones grow in the Womb
of her that is with Child:
210 But this *one Thing* the Man doth know,
whereas he once was blind,
Doth ſee, to ſerve the living God
is willingly inclin'd.
211 In both the Creature comes to have
a Being giv'n of God:
The Child it generate muſt be
for Life in this Abode.
212 So doth Regeneration give
the Man new Life in Peace;
When once renew'd, he's made to dwell
in Goſpel-fields of Grace.
213 'Tis not ſo much the Curing of
a Man ſick and diſtreſs'd,
As quickning of a Man that's dead,
with Sin and Guilt oppreſs'd.
214 The Child it merely paſſive is
as to its Form and Make;
Nothing can contribute, no Part
can in its Being take:
215 So with the Man in's nat'ral State,
tho' he at Pool attend,
No efficacious Hand can have
his State for to amend.

216 God in his ſov'reign Wiſdom doth
leave ſome in State of Thrall,
While others in a Day of Pow'r
to Heav'n and Life doth call.
217 No Thanks to thee, if honour'd thus
while thou'rt in this Abode:
Who maketh thee to differ from
another, but thy God?
218 A wonderful Contexture is
in both the Births; each Part
So curious, that it can't be known
by any Human Art.
219 The Pſalmiſt doth admire himſelf,
moſt marvelouſly made;
No Organ is ſuperfluous,
no Want from Foot to Head.
220 In Generation Animal
we *curiouſly* are *wrought*,
Like to a Piece of Needle-work,
in Womb from whence we're brought.
221 Thus, by Regeneration, Saints
are *brought unto the King*,
In Raiment fine *of Needle-work*,
doth them to Honour bring.
222 Th' imputed Righteouſneſs of Chriſt
this Raiment is of Saints;
In Holineſs they're like to God,
who anſwers all their Wants.
223 O glorious Creature, thus new-made
after God's Image; lo,
'Tis *Grace for Grace*, in Chriſt, makes thee
in Paths of Life to go.
224 All in both Caſes hath its Riſe,
that's in itſelf but ſmall;
Of Seed corruptible God doth
from thence the Creature call.
225 Much more the Creature, when renew'd
in ſome moſt happy Hour,
From ſmall Beginnings is brought forth
by God's almighty Pow'r.

226 'Tis as the Cloud like to a Hand
did grow, till Heav'n was clad
With Wind and Clouds; then Rain did fall,
of which the Earth was glad.
227 The Man doth at a Sermon get
a Note that Hundreds loſe,
Which never leaves him till renew'd
in Chriſt is his Repoſe:
228 Like to the Vapour did get up
to *Ahaſuerus'* Brain;
Which Spring of Motions never ſtopt,
but did with him remain.
229 When once that *Mordecai*'s advanc'd,
proud *Haman* was diſgrac'd,
He quickly afterward was hang'd;
then was the Church releas'd.
230 This Generation Animal
is carry'd by Degrees:
Haſt thou not pour'd me out as Milk,
and crudled me like Cheeſe?
231 So with the Soul renew'd it is
as with the Man was blind,
When cur'd, ſaw *Men as Trees*; then he
ſaw each Thing of its Kind.
232 'Tis true, Regeneration is
a Paſs to Life from Death;
For in a Moment quickned is
the Soul by ſpiritual Breath.
233 Like as the Embryo in the Womb,
when to Perfection brought,
The Soul's infus'd in lifeleſs Lump;
all by God's Pow'r is wrought.
234 Yet we imagine may, there is
ſome Preparation found
For quickning of the Soul for Life,
that Life may more abound.
235 In both they new Relations have:
JEHOVAH Saints doth load
With heav'nly Bleſſings; for he is
their Father and their God.

236 The Bride, the Lamb's Wife (that's the Church)
their Mother is, they are
Her Children; for their Pedigree
none can with them compare.
237 As Brethren they related are
(God hath this Honour giv'n)
To Angels, and to Saints above,
the Family of Heav'n.
238 Tho' base, tho' mean, ev'n kinless ones
(as doth the Word import)
Can't boast of Blood runs in their Veins,
with Saints on Earth resort.
239 Each Thing doth generate its like;
the Father doth beget
The Child in's Likeness: So it hath
Member for Member set.
240 So has the Man that's born again,
in Measure and Degree,
Divine Perfections giv'n to him;
like to his God is he.
241 No Birth wants Pain, so doth the Child
feel Birth-pains less or more,
As doth the Mother: This is known
by Smiles, else Weeping sore.
242 So hath the Soul great Pain, when it
under Convictions lies:
A wounded Spirit who can bear,
load with Iniquities?
243 Ev'n Zion travails, sighs and grones,
few do her Help afford;
Sore pain'd when Children she brings forth
unto her highest Lord.
244 What's more remarkable, we read
of blessed Jesus' Toil,
The Travail of his Soul ere he
could potent En'mies foil.
245 Of's Elect may (with *Rachel*) say,
Benoni, dear-bought Son;
Or *Naphtali*, my Wrestling's great
ere I could Vict'ry won.

246 With Cries and Tears, in ſweating Blood,
did Agony endure:
By's Pangs and Death at length did make
our great Salvation ſure.
247 But wouldſt thou, Man, improve theſe Things
by them thy State to try?
If thou'rt renew'd, then Chriſt is thine;
if not, thou'lt ſurely dy.
248 But doſt thou ſay, How ſhall I know
if I am born again,
Or in my nat'ral curſed State
do hitherto remain?
249 Didſt thou me ask if riſen were
the Sun, lift up thine Eyes
Unto the Heav'ns, there thou'lt him ſee
in's circling round the Skies.
250 So do thou look into thine Heart,
if Light of Grace be there;
For, where it is, the new Birth's come,
and doth itſelf declare.
251 Thy Sins of Heart and Life, are they
a Burden unto thee?
Thy State deprav'd, thy Nature baſe;
doſt thou thy Vileneſs ſee?
252 Doſt thou the King in's Beauty ſee,
with Smiles into his Face?
Was e'er thy drooping Soul reviv'd
by his abundant Grace?
253 Doth's Fulneſs and Sufficiency
thee to the Knowledge bring
Of Vanity and Emptineſs
in each created Thing?
254 The Obſtinacy of thy Will,
is it remov'd and gone?
Doſt thou in Self-abaſement bow
before JEHOVAH's Throne?
255 Was e'er thou reconciled to
the Covenant of Peace,
Fix'dly reſolv'd Chriſt to receive
with ev'ry Goſpel-grace?

256 Are

256 Are thy Affections rightly plac'd
on Objects worth thy Love,
Rais'd far above all earthly Things
to God and Chriſt above?
257 Has Chriſt the Throne into thine Heart,
well pleas'd what he thinks meet?
Are all thy earthly Comforts now
laid down at Jeſus' Feet?
258 Doth Conſcience now awakened
ſad Things againſt thee tryſt?
No Comfort finds thou anywhere
but from the Blood of Chriſt?
259 Was e'er thy Mem'ry ſanctify'd,
Chriſt's Goſpel-truths to Mind?
Doſt thou amongſt theſe precious Truths
Things uſeful for thee find?
260 Thy Body, is it conſecrate
to ſerve thy gracious God?
In Newneſs now of Life doſt thou
live while in this Abode?
261 Thou by theſe Things mayſt come to know
what is thy real State,
And whether thou art born again,
before it be too late.
262 Here's for thy Help another Sign,
from whence ſome Saints do find
Some Comfort, while that other Marks
ſmall Comfort bring the Mind:
263 Th' Apoſtle *John* doth lay it down
in plaineſt Words can be;
Love of the Bethren is this Mark;
try if it dwells in thee.
264 By *Brethren*, here, cannot be meant
the whole of *Adam*'s Race,
But ſuch of them new Creatures are
by Heav'n's renewing Grace.
265 However true it is that Love
benevolent and free
Reſts in the Breaſt of ev'ry Saint
t'*Adam*'s Poſterity;

266 The Context here distinguisheth
'twixt Children born of God,
And those the Devil's Children are,
drawing to Hell's Abode.
267 And so this Sign a Reason is
why we no Marvel make
The World doth hate the Brethren; for
no Part with them they take.
268 Come, this Regeneration-mark
with Gladness here behold;
If thou'rt possest of it, 'twill make
thee shine like *Ophir* Gold.
269 Is't Holiness in Saints doth make
thy Love with them remain?
If so with thee, thou mayst conclude
that thou art born again.
270 For if to those begotten are
most stedfast is thy Love,
Then thou dost love him who begat,
ev'n God, their God above.
271 Tho' Hypocrites do love the Saints,
'tis for some selfish End;
Thus wicked Men may be induc'd
the Godly to commend.
272 But those that's past from Death to Life,
for Grace that in them shine
Them love, tho' daily Failings do
oft-times in them combine.
273 O happy they who can pick out
this Pearl in their great Need
From Dunghill of Infirmities,
and find them Saints indeed!
274 This Love is giv'n to ev'ry one
where Holiness appear;
Loves thou one Saint, thou'lt love them all
as thy Companions dear.
275 If thou love not a Saint in Rags,
but those gay Clothing wear,
Love of the Brethren's not in thee;
so thou thy State mayst fear.

276 Them that confine their Love to thoſe
God ne'er confin'd his Grace,
Their Soul's too narrow to be put
amongſt his Childrens Race.
277 Tho' in ſome Points of Doctrine Saints
may differ from us wide,
If they will us in Chriſt agree,
we will with them abide.
278 The more the holy Fire of Grace
in any Saint doth flame,
The more true Chriſtians Hearts engag'd
in Love will be to them.
279 'Tis not with Saints as other Men,
themſelves a Standard make
To others; while they're like to them,
they will not them forſake:
280 But if in Holineſs they do
them darken and outſhine,
Their Love to Hatred quickly turns,
they will from them decline.
281 Religion's Life doth oft-times raiſe
a ſerpentine vile Grudge,
In pharisaical Hearts 'gainſt thoſe
where heav'nly Grace doth lodge.
282 But as for them that's born again,
their Love Proportion bear
To Holineſs in ev'ry one
that do JEHOVAH fear.
283 For further Knowledge of thy State,
ſet thou ſome Time apart,
Thy God, thy Conſcience Witneſſes
to ſearching of thine Heart.
284 Make no Complaint for want of Time,
while Night the buſy Day
Doth follow; nor for want of Place,
ſince thou in Fields mightſt pray.
285 Renew Repentance, leſt thy Sins
thy Troubles make abound:
For, when the holy Sp'rit's withdrawn,
dark Shades will thee ſurround.

286 'Tis not fit Time then for a Saint
to try what State he's in,
When once the Candle's blown out by
ſome Conſcience-wounding Sin,
287 For while thy Coal 'neath Aſhes lies
untouch'd, can give no Light:
Exert new Nature's Pow'rs in thee,
thy Graces will ſhine bright.
288 Th' examining of Self neglect'd
under Deluſions bring
Moſt Part of Men, is ſadly felt
by Death's devouring Sting.
289 Yea, many Saints neglecting this,
great Trouble to them give;
Through Fear of Death they ſubject are
to Bondage while they live.
290 Here's, for thy Help, ſome Doubts propos'd
(their Anſwers I repeat)
Which keep ſome Perſons back from Views
of their moſt happy State.
291 The Childrens Bread, which is their due,
muſt not be held from them,
Tho' Dogs, without a Warrant, may
make Snatches at the ſame.
292 Then doſt thou doubt if thou'rt renew'd,
ſince to thee is not known
The preciſe Time and Manner how
Grace in thine Heart was ſown?
293 It is comfortable indeed,
as many Saints can tell,
To know the Time, how, and by whom
they're ſav'd from Sin and Hell.
294 Yet this not neceſſary is
t'evince the Life of Grace:
Thou once waſt blind, but now doſt ſee,
may keep thy Soul in Peace.
295 Like as when Smoke it doth appear,
there ſurely Fire muſt be,
Tho' how and when it kindled was
cannot be known by thee;

296 So thou mayſt find the Life of Grace,
although thou canſt not know
How and what Time it dropt from Heav'n
into thine Heart below.
297 Thy Mind, is it enlightened?
thy Will, doth it comply
Chriſt to accept in Goſpel-terms
through all Eternity?
298 Doſt thou perceive this bleſſed Change
which on thy Soul is wrought?
Why art thou then perplex'd to know
how this to thee was brought?
299 Thou further doubts if born again,
elſe Sin could not attack
Nor ſo prevail againſt thy Soul,
yea, will not be turn'd back.
300 Tho' for the Heads of Hypocrites
no Pillows we muſt lay,
It muſt be own'd *a juſt Man he*
doth fall ſev'n Times a Day.
301 Under the Body of this Death
with Grones doſt thou lament
Thy Sins of Heart and Life? wouldſt thou
with Freedom be content?
302 Doſt thou flee to the Blood of Chriſt
for Pardon of thy Sin,
That's ſanctifying Spirit may
thee purify within?
303 Then tho' *Iniquities prevail,*
thou'lt with the Pſalmiſt ſay,
Lord, *as for our Tranſgreſſions, thou*
wilt purge them all away.
304 The Spirit and the Fleſh contend
each for the Maſtery;
Corruptions ſometimes do prevail,
but Grace gets Victory.
305 Conclude not then thou'rt none of Chriſt's;
thou'lt ſee his lovely Face:
Theſe very Wreſtlings evidence
in thee this Life of Grace.

306 But vitious Inclinations do
more veh'mently oppreſs
Me, ſince I chus'd Religion's Ways,
thoſe Paths of Righteouſneſs:
307 From whence I fear no Change is made
on me by ſaving Grace,
While helliſh Luſts with Terror do
haunt me from Place to Place.
308 A dreadful Thing it is indeed
for thoſe with whom the Lord
Hath dealt, them to reform, and doth
both Light and Means afford,
309 To caſt off Bonds of all Reſtraint,
diſdain to be reclaim'd,
Groſly immoral in their Lives,
refuſe to be aſham'd;
310 As if the Devil had return'd,
ſev'n Spirits with him worſe
Than he's himſelf; thoſe willing Slaves
on them he puts no Force.
311 But if it be not thus with thee,
tho' Sin, Hell's Forces heap
Round thee, to hold, elſe bring thee back
while making thy Eſcape;
312 Such Stirrings may conſiſtent be,
with Change of Nature, tho'
Sins vig'rous Acts may thee affright
oft-times while here below.
313 Tho' they no higher ſhould ariſe
than what they did before,
Thy Light is come, thou doſt them ſee
like Lions on the Rore.
314 As when the Sun-ſhine in a Houſe
the Motes, the Motions there
Diſcovers; ſo the Light of Grace
Sin's Motions doth declare.
315 For, tho' thou be regenerate,
Sin is not dead, but dying
A lingring Death, be'ng crucify'd,
thy Ruin ſtill its trying.

316 While

316 While *Satan* is at harder Work
thee to bring back again,
Than thee to keep while thou in's Pow'r
a Captive didst remain.
317 The God of Peace under thy Feet
will *Satan* shortly tread:
Quit not thy Confidence, ere long
Christ will thine Heart make glad.
318 Th' *Egyptian* Hosts did ne'er appear
so terrible as when
The *Isra'lites* they did pursue,
but ne'er return'd again.
319 Let not this Case Foundations raze,
trust nothing to thy Strength;
Be strong in God, victorious
thou'lt surely be at length.
320 Alas! when I compare my Love
I bear to earthly Things
With Love to God, this last falls short,
to utmost Straits me brings.
321 How can I call him *Father*, when
the Movings once I had
Of my Affections towards him
from me are wholly fled?
322 I fear my Love to precious Christ,
who doth his Ransom'd save,
Are Flashes of Affections which
vile Hypocrites may have.
323 No doubt, a Love predominant
to earthly Things must be
A Mark of unregenerate Souls,
vile in Iniquitie:
324 But yet th' Affections sometimes may
more vi'lently be mov'd
T' an Object that's of small Regard,
than one that's much belov'd.
325 Ev'n as a little Brook doth make
more Noise then a great River,
Whose Streams in Silence slide away;
to run it ceaseth never.

326 Th'

326 Th' Affections are not measur'd by
their vi'lent Acts of Love,
But from the Firmness of their Root,
when fix'd on God above.
327 Did Competition thus arise,
that thou thy Case might try
To quit with Christ, else worldly Things
through all Eternity;
328 Retire thyself, in Balance lay
them both, then ask thine Heart,
Whether with Christ or worldly Things
it will for ever part.
329 And if thine Heart shall thus reply,
All earthly Things be gone;
Both Father, Mother, Wife and Child,
for Christ my Rock alone;
330 If so, conclude not worldly Things
are more belov'd by thee
Than is thy God, tho' vi'lent Acts
may to some Object be.
331 But there's a twofold Love to Christ,
the one flames in the Heart;
This Love-sickness doth touch the Soul
like Piercings of a Dart,
332 From want of Fellowship with him,
else Fulness of the same:
The Spouse most pleasantly describes
both of them thus by Name;
333 *O Daughters of Jerusalem,*
I charge you that ye tell
My Welbelov'd, I'm sick of Love,
his Absence is a Hell.
334 *Stay me with Flagons, comfort me*
with Apples, lest I faint.
Of Fulness now from precious Christ
no Ground is of Complaint.
335 Those Movings of Affections they
in young Converts are wrought;
Which makes them sing in Days of Youth,
when they to Christ are brought.

336 The

336 The youthful Convert other Saints
he thinks they ſlowly move;
So vaunts himſelf, and cenſures them
as ſhort of him in Love:
337 But when below the Brim doth ſink
his Cup, then he doth find
That in him he charg'd others with,
he thought he left behind.
338 But more Humility and Grace
by God to him is giv'n;
He's rooted more and more in Chriſt,
at length made meet for Heav'n.
339 There's likewiſe a judicious Love,
flames little, is ſunk deep
Into the Soul, by which the Saint
the Divine Precepts keep:
340 He's tender of offending God,
and grieved in his Mind
At Things diſpleaſing unto him
ſo bountiful and kind.
341 Now, tho' the firſt Love's almoſt gone,
if this abide with thee,
Judge not thyſelf a Hypocrite;
no Ground for this can be,
342 More than a faithful loving Wife
her Kindneſs may her move
T'her Husband, tho' abated be
firſt Fondneſs of her Love.
343 When Hypocrites Attainments I
and Apoſtates behold,
Such Terrors ſeize me, that my Blood
within my Veins runs cold.
344 Theſe Things ſhould put us hard to work,
tho' ſometimes we're defeat,
Ought not to keep us in Suſpence
from Knowledge of our State.
345 A Judgment thou doſt form of them
of Charity, thou'rt right;
No more of them is known by thee
but what they're in thy Sight.

346 Their Duties, Gifts and many Tears
may sometimes thee surprise;
But what thou finds about them is
the old Man in Disguise.
347 But thou a Judgment for thyself
must form of Certainty:
From Heart-religion thee within
thus thou thy State must try.
348 A Grone comes from the meanest Saint,
tho' under Doubts and Fears,
Is better than *Balaam*'s Wish,
or shedding *Esau*'s Tears.
349 A Hypocrite's Religion may
more bulky be than thine,
Yet worthless in the Sight of God;
why dost thou then repine?
350 It is impossible for thee,
unless it were reveal'd,
To know the Hearts of Hypocrites,
they ly so close conceal'd.
351 But I'll tell thee two Things wherein
the weakest Saint out-goes
The most refined Hypocrite
with all his splendid Shows;
352 Denying Self, accepting of
the great Salvation-Plan
Offer'd by God through Jesus Christ,
who is both God and Man;
353 A real Hatred to all Sin
doth willingly comply
With ev'ry Duty God makes known,
to do them faithfully.
354 Improve these Things with utmost Care,
through Christ thy Lord and King;
Then Hypocrites Attainments can
no Trouble to thee bring.
355 I find I'm short of Scripture-Saints
when them I mention'd see,
And other worthy Persons who
mine own Acquaintance be:

356 While

356 While I behold their heavenly Frame,
and Life of Holiness,
That I'm none of that Family,
with Fear I here express.
357 This ought indeed to humble us,
that we not forward go
Into that Life of Grace we see
attainable below.
358 But this must of the Devil be,
weak Christians they do make
A Rack for tort'ring of themselves,
and will no Comfort take:
359 As if a Child his Father's Right
to him should quite disown,
Because his elder Brethren they
more tall than him is grown.
360 There's in Christ's Family on Earth
Men that's both young and old;
There's likewise *little Children*, who
are Lambs within his Fold.
361 Those *Lambs he in his Bosom bears,*
and gently leads the Weak.
Then press thou forward to the Mark,
he'll never thee forsake.
362 I never did in Scripture read
of any Child of God
So tempted and forsaken by
their Lord in this Abode:
363 No Saint's Case ever was like mine:
which makes me thus conclude,
That I'm none of their Number, for
my God doth me exclude.
364 Not being acquaint with Scripture-saints,
and those that are distress'd
In Soul, makes this Objection start,
by which thou art oppress'd.
365 In Scripture, Instances there are
what great Temptations seiz'd
Most noble Saints, cost them great Toil
before they were releas'd.

366 An holy *Job* he tempted was
to curſe his God and die;
An *Aſaph* driven was, no more
religious Work to try.
367 The Devil tempt'd our bleſſed Lord
from Pinnacle to fall
To worſhip him, when He's about
to ſave his Saints from Thrall.
368 Some worthy Saints, when tempted, did
to great Temptations bow
Ev'n for a Time, tho' they 'gainſt them
moſt ſolemnly did vow.
369 Thus *Peter* driven was that Length
for to deny his Lord;
Both curs'd and ſwore he knew him not,
tho' once he him ador'd.
370 *Paul*, while a Perſecutor was,
the Saints he did compel
For to blaſpheme: Such fiery Trials
were doubtleſs hatch'd in Hell.
371 Horrid Injections on ſome Saints
with ghaſtly Viſage ſtare;
Their Fleſh doth tremble, Life doth ſink,
their Bodies ſickned are.
372 The Devil's fiery Darts they do
make dreadful Work indeed;
The Shield of Faith well manag'd is
moſt helpful in ſuch Need.
373 Fire-balls thrown in a Houſe, the Man
inceſſantly doth run
From Place to Place to quench that Fire
would him to Aſhes burn:
374 So doth the tempted trembling Saint,
while helliſh Darts do fly
Through Soul and Conſcience, run to Chriſt,
leſt he by them ſhould die.
375 O tempted, not conſenting Saint,
let not theſe Things thee ſcar;
The Tempter muſt account for them
at Chriſt's Tribunal-bar.

376 Without

376 Without Conſent they can't thee hurt,
more than when at the Door
Of one that's chaſt a Baſtard's laid
at ſome untimeous Hour.
377 What tho' no Miniſter nor Friend
a Caſe like thine can ſhow?
Think not thy Caſe is ſingular,
neither thy Hopes let go.
378 Doubtleſs Diſtreſſes of ſome Saints
by none were ever ſeen
But God and Conſcience; ſo they are
as if they'd never been.
379 Directions tho' in Scriptures thou
for ev'ry Caſe wilt find,
Illuſtrate with Examples for
the calming of thy Mind;
380 Imagine not there's on Record
of God's beloved Saints
Moſt perfect Inſtances of all
their Caſes, Straits and Wants:
381 Yet to the Scriptures bring thy Caſe;
there Remedies combine,
Rightly improven, will diſpel
thoſe Doubts and Fears of thine.
382 Go oft to Chriſt, for with him is
a Salve for ev'ry Sore,
Rather than vex if any Saint
was e'er like thee before:
383 For tho' an Inſtance could be found
of an undoubted Saint
Like unto thee, yet who can tell
if this would eaſe thy Plaint?
384 But if Regeneration-marks
in midſt of thee do dwell,
Tho' thou no Caſe do know like thine,
Chriſt will thee ſave from Hell.
385 Th' Afflictions I do meet with here
ſtrange and unuſual be:
Whatever Way I look for Help,
can no Deliv'rance ſee.

386 Thoſe

386 Thoſe Diſpenſations in my Lot,
that Providence carves out,
I doubt to any Child of God
were ever brought about.
387 Much ſpoke to the preceeding Caſe
may helpful be in this;
And that thy State is not far worſe
thy Soul thy God may bleſs.
388 *Job* was by this Temptation try'd;
To which Saint wilt thou fly?
Said *Eliphaz*; but ſtill he held
faſt his Integrity.
389 They've need of more Experience than
King *Solomon* he had,
Who ſay ſo, This is new, while they're
in Trouble hard-beſted.
390 What tho' as to thy preſent State
it happen unto thee
According to the Wicked's Work?
ſtill juſt thou mayeſt be.
391 We wander may in pathleſs Ways,
where no Footſteps are ſeen;
But who can ſay, No Man, no Beaſt
they ever there have been?
392 Tho' thou the Footſteps of the Flock
findſt not where thou haſt trode,
Think not thou art the firſt has paſt
that gloomy darkſom Road.
393 Altho' thou wert, ſome Saint did taſte
firſt ev'ry bitter Cup,
Whereof the reſt they all did drink
when Trials did caſt up.
394 If God ſhould to thy heav'nly Reſt
(to ſpeak ſo) home thee bring
A Way retir'd at ſome Back-door,
thou mightſt with Gladneſs ſing.
395 Who warrands thee to *limit* him
that's *Iſra'l's holy One*,
Whoſe *Ways they in great Waters be*,
his Footſteps are not known?

396 Learn

396 Learn to allow Sov'reignity
a Latitude; seek Peace:
Let no Afflictions cast a Vail
over this Mark of Grace.
397 Who Strangers are to this New-birth
from thence convinc'd may be,
'Tis only such that's born again
can Christ in's Kingdom see.
398 O Man, whate'er thou be, if thou
thy nat'ral State still love,
No Part, no Lot thou hast in this
New-birth comes from above.
399 As is the Principal, so must
the common Effects be:
If dead in Sin, then all thy Works
them dead Works God doth see.
400 Thy Reformation nothing is,
thy Pains, thy Toil is lost;
That thou'rt not born again, wilt know,
to thy eternal Cost.
401 Thy Seriousness some do admire,
they think thou hast no Clog;
Yet all thy Pray'rs are in God's sight
as Howling of a Dog.
402 Some good Things may be thou hast done,
thus *Jehu* got a Crown:
The like Reward cannot thee save,
in Flames thou must ly down.
403 Thy Struggles 'gainst thy Sins in Heart
and Life are nought to thee:
For with the Pharisee did fast,
thou wilt condemned be.
404 If so with us, thou dost object,
We need no Duties do,
Since after all we perish may,
tho' we both pray and vow:
405 This thy Conclusion is unjust;
no Inability
Can free thee from those Things God's Law
as Duties on thee ty.

406 'Tis

406 'Tis not in vain for thee to seek
the Lord in Duties; lo,
He by his Ordinances may
deliver thee from Wo.
407 Without Regeneration is
Communion loft with God;
Thou'rt none of that Society
in Heav'n ſhall have Abode.
408 Regeneration needful is
to make thee fit for Heav'n;
For none come there but thoſe to whom
from thence the New-birth's giv'n.
409 As to the Temple once below,
here lively Stones are wrought
To build this Temple that's above,
prepar'd ere thither brought.
410 From Nature's Quarry not a Stone
can in this Building ſtand,
Till once prepar'd in Wiſdom by
the Maſter-builder's Hand.
411 Jewels of Gold are not for Swine;
neither of Glory can
Thoſe precious Jew'ls be given unto
the wretched nat'ral Man.
412 Beggars in Rags to Palaces
of Kings cannot be brought,
Nor Sinners unto Heav'n without
that *Robe with Needle wrought.*
413 What Man that's wiſe would Fiſhes bring
to's Meadows, there to feed;
Or ſend his Oxen to the Sea,
there to ſupply their Need?
414 As little could a nat'ral Man
with Saint's in Glory feaſt;
The Glories of the Upper-houſe,
they cannot pleaſe his Taſte.
415 The Unregen'rate Fault would find
with many Things above,
As not their Country, but the Place
where Saints do live in Love.

416 The

116 The Man renew'd, Heav'n is his Home;
his Father there remain:
Jeruſalem that is above,
from thence he's born again.
117 The Man that unregen'rate is
his Home in Earth doth find;
He's writ in Earth, he earthly Things
continually doth mind.
118 The Paradiſe that *Mahomet*
gave out for ſenſual Pleaſure,
No further unregen'rate Men
ſeek for their Heav'n and Treaſure.
119 But Paradiſe that is above,
there Holineſs abound;
No Soul unholy or impure
will ever there be found.
120 Thou'rt mix'd with Saints now here below,
to get thyſelf a Name:
Thy Naughtineſs at length appears,
to thy eternal Shame.
121 O nat'ral Man, couldſt thou behold,
admire, and Praiſes ſing
Unto the Lamb ſits on the Throne,
who doth Salvation bring?
122 The Sabbath now thy Burden is,
how wouldſt thou bruik on high
An everlaſting Sabbath there
through all Eternity?
123 Therefore thou muſt be born again,
elſe Heav'n thou'lt never ſee,
But periſh muſt eternally
in thine Iniquitie.
124 For of Excluſion there's a Bill
againſt thee paſt by God:
He'll never ſuffer thee to come
where Saints have their Abode.
125 If unrenew'd, no Holineſs;
this Terror may afford:
If thou unholy ſtill abide,
thou'lt never ſee the Lord.

426 Will Gates of Pearl can open be,
to let in Dogs and Swine?
No sure, their Place it is without,
their Paths to Death decline.
427 Will God the Devil's Children make
to sit with him on's Throne?
No, his majestick Countenance
will cause them all begone:
428 For Grace and Glory are two Links
of one united Chain:
What God hath join'd, no Man can part
while Heav'ns of Heav'ns remain.
429 For ev'ry Saint that gets to Heav'n,
from Nursery of Grace
They are transplanted to that Land
of Life, Light, Love and Peace.
430 Think not to Mansions that's above
by Christ thou wilt be brought,
He'll *laugh at all thy Straits*, with thou
his *Counsel set at nought*.
431 There is a close Connection twixt
the nat'ral State thou'rt in,
And that Damnation afterward
thou hast procur'd by Sin.
432 From Nature of which Things do rise,
likewise from Heav'n's Decree,
As Mountains great of Brass, so fix'd
that mov'd they cannot be.
433 Depraved Nature makes Men meet
to be Partakers of
Th' Inheritance with damned Souls,
at which thou now dost scoff.
434 Thou hardned art against Reproof,
tho' oft thy Danger's told,
Thou wilt not see, nor yet believe:
In Sinning thou art bold.
435 But yet remember, Conscience sear'd
as with an Iron hot,
Presage' most dreadful Burnings as
thine everlasting Lot.

436 Thou

436 Thou bears no Fruit 'neath Means of Grace;
God's Ax of Judgments thee,
As Few'l for Fire, will soon hew down;
thou'rt an unfruitful Tree.

437 The hellish Dispositions of
thy Mind themselves discover,
Fit thee for Horrour's Regions, whence
thou can't thyself recover.

438 Thou'rt dead in Sin; so Hell for thee
is as a Grave made meet,
And Brimstone Flames are there prepar'd
to be thy Winding-sheet.

439 The Darkness of thy Mind presage
eternal Darkness coming;
Hast thou some Rays of Nature's Light,
yet thou to Hell art running.

440 The Face-cov'ring is on thee cast,
so near thou art to Wrath;
'Tis only Jesus Christ can save
thee from this second Death.

441 In Nature's Prison thou art bound
with Chains of Darkness fast;
To burning fiery Furnace thou
for ever wilt be cast.

442 Thus see what close Connection is
'twixt thy depraved State,
And that of damned Souls, where thou
must have thy dismal Fate.

443 Then be convinc'd that born again
thou must be of the Spirit;
Most earnestly this New-birth seek,
if thou wouldst Life inherit.

444 Thou'rt here assur'd, the Word of God
it is that precious Seed
Whereof the new Man formed is,
which makes a Saint indeed.

445 Hear Sermons for Eternity,
at Sacraments attend;
With Heart and Soul the Scriptures read,
wouldst thou thy Life amend.

446 The Ways where Christ is to be found,
back from them do not stay:
Trace now the Footsteps of his Flock,
no longer make Delay.
447 Do not reject the Means of Grace,
in case thou shalt be found
Unworthy of eternal Life,
while Life to Saints abound.
448 Take heed the Fowls fly in the Air
pick not this Seed from thee;
Receive it as the Word of God,
as it in Truth must be.
449 Be not like to the unclean Beast,
that cheweth not the Cud;
But meditate on Gospel-truths,
they'll surely do thee Good.
450 By earnest Pray'r beg thou of God
Heav'n's Dew upon thine Heart
May fall, that so this Seed may grow,
and Life to thee impart.
451 The Testimony of God's Word
as to the Misery
Of that depraved State of thine,
receive it carefully.
452 Receive the Testimony there
that's giv'n of God to thee,
How holy and how just He is,
and will not mocked be.
453 Thy Sentiments of Heart, thy Life,
them by this Touch-stone try;
Search former Periods of past Time
for thine Iniquity.
454 See from its Precepts all thy Sins,
and from its Threatnings know
That thou deserves to be thrust down
to *Tophet*'s Flames below.
455 Nature's Depravity behold
in God's Word as a Glass,
Which in a lively Manner doth
describe its Ugliness.

456 Were

456 Were theſe Things rooted in thine Heart,
the Seed might prove to thee
Of Fear and Sorrow on th' Account
of thine Iniquitie:
457 Which needful is for to prepare
and ſtir thee up to ſeek
Chriſt as a Saviour, who doth
with Beauty clothe the Meek.
458 He's offered in the Goſpel, as
well ſuited to thy Caſe:
Set all thy Thoughts upon him, he
will ſurely thee releaſe.
459 By his Obedience to the Death,
he willingly brought in
An everlaſting Righteouſneſs
will rid thy Soul of Sin.
460 Which Things may be the Seed of Faith,
Deſire, Hope, Humiliation:
So with thy with'red Hand might lay
hold on the great Salvation.
461 If thou'rt reſolv'd ſtill to abide
in thy depraved State,
Then mind thou'rt fairly warn'd, and may
repent when 'tis too late.
462 But if thou'rt for the higher Houſe,
where Saints with Chriſt do dwell,
The next four Lines, if bleſt to thee,
will caſt a fragrant Smell:
463 O Perſons Three, in Eſſence One,
me to thy Glory bring;
That with thy Ranſom'd I to thee
may Halelujahs ſing.

FINIS.

A FEW
REMARKS
ON THE
Late REBELLION.

WHEN Judgments great now through th
Earth are gone,
We Righteouſneſs muſt learn from Go
alone.
With Hands lift high he doth with us contend:
Without Repentance, who doth know the End?
French Tyranny, with arbitrary Pow'r,
Sap our Foundations at this diſmal Hour.
Religion, Liberty, all wholeſom Laws,
Aſunder rent by *Popiſh* brutal Jaws.
Not Seventy Years ſince, Saints moſt precious Bloo
In Fields, on Scaffolds, there like Water ſtood.
Through all the Kingdom, Heads and Hands wer
fix'd
On Ports and Gates; their Duſt with Murd'rers mix'd
Great Numbers then thus driv'n were off the Stage
As mournful Trophies of prelatick Rage,
This butch'ring Trade of late begun again;
Preſton, *Falkirk*, there Blood guſh'd on the Plain.
Some wretched Souls from Crimſon Wounds did fly
To diſtant Pit, whence firſt they did deſcry,
By *Satan*'s Cunning, all their Hell-hatch'd Arts,
Under which now the *Britiſh* Nation ſmarts:

While

While other Souls from purple Bed took Wing,
Angels their Guard to their immortal King,
They join those Souls that 'neath the Altar ly,
Who Day and Night unto their God do cry,
How long, O Lord, the En'mies Fury quell?
Revenge our Blood on them on Earth that dwell.
The Answer giv'n, A little longer wait,
Till Fellow-brethren suffer equal Fate.
These are the Saints through Tribulation came,
As faithful Martyrs, Followers of the Lamb.
Thus worthy *GARD'NER* dying of his Wounds,
With great *MUNRO*, from thence their Blood resounds;
We with our Brethren here do murd'red ly,
For Gospel-truths and *Britain's* Liberty.
Was't *Indian* * Savages our Force withstood,
Or † *Canibals* that shed this precious Blood?
No; cruel Men, who rank of Pop'ry smell,
Join'd *Highland* Furies coming as from Hell.
As th' *Africk* ‡ Basilisk torment and kill;
So they by Murder precious Blood do spill.
What was the Reason? were they sore oppress'd
With Grievances, and could not be redress'd?
No; never King more mild possess'd our Throne,
With Grievances of them he burden'd none.
The Quarrel is then, *GEORGE* our rightful King
With Presbytery flat to the Ground they'd bring:
These are two Marks *Pretender's* Friends do hit,
As a *Mock-King* he on the Throne must sit.
Then *France* governs, Religion comes from *Rome*;
All sacred here, to Fire and Sword they doom.
Ah dreadful Miseries without Delay,
If once *French* Pow'r in *Britain* bear the Sway!
May God in Mercy disappoint our Foes,
Else we shall have both sad and lasting Woes!
God on the Right-hand smites, but few are mov'd;
And on the Left for Sin we are reprov'd:

Before

* *Black-moors.* † *Man-eaters.* ‡ *A monstrous Serpent in Africa, thought to be the Cockatrice.*

Before Heav'n glooms, behind dark Shades ſurround,
Left to ourſelves to grovel on the Ground.
Like to the Dog, the Stone that's thrown he bites,
Sees not the Hand wherewith the Stone him ſmites;
We blame our En'mies for ſad Plights we're in,
Not minding they're God's Sword 'gainſt us for Sin.
Like *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* long ere now
We ſure had been, were it not for a few,
Who, *Abrah'm*-like, have pleaded hard with God
To lift his Judgments, take from us his Rod.
Let's mind God's Threats 'gainſt his *Iſra'l* of old,
Who like to us in Sinning then were bold;
Thoſe for Captivity muſt Captives go;
And for the Sword, a Sword ſhall pierce them thro';
Thoſe for the Famine ſhall have Faces pale;
And ſuch for Death, in Grave Death ſhall them ſeal.
Who doth not know theſe Judgments now take Place,
When angry Heav'n declares God hides his Face,
The Spirit gone with ev'ry Goſpel-grace?
In Church in State, 'mongſt Rich and Poor, Sin cries
For Show'rs of Veng'ance from th' Ætherial Skies.
Some are with us like Snakes among the Graſs,
They ly conceal'd, will not themſelves expreſs,
Till once they ſee our Ruin nigh at Hand;
Then, like themſelves, forth 'gainſt us they will ſtand.
Their ſmootheſt Looks, likewiſe their pleaſant Words,
Would ſoon be chang'd to piercing killing Swords.
While others worſe, with us have their Abode,
They tread the Courts of *Jacob*'s mighty God;
Yet wiſh and wait a ſudden Revolution,
To overturn our noble Conſtitution.
They all combine their Country to undo,
As Vipers tear their Mother's Bowels thro'.
Baſe Lux'ry's Charms wrong Turns to us have giv'n,
While Irreligion dares the God of Heav'n.
The antient Monarchies, with *Rome*'s Empire,
Their gawdy Pomp this Lux'ry caus'd expire:

In

In ev'ry Cent'ry where she bore the Sway,
From Justice' Paths her Vouchers went astray.
Dear Country-men, your Eyes turn round this Nation:
She may be seen in ev'ry Post and Station,
Op'ning the Door to each pernicious Sin,
Vile Irreligion safely guards them in.
From these two Fountains flow each vitiate Spring,
Which doth on us such dreadful Judgments bring.
O *Britain*, mind to God thine antient Ty,
Who early call'd thee from Idolatry:
While Nations round thee had but Nature's Light,
Christ's blessed Gospel shin'd in thee most bright.
Days of Espousals then to thee were brought,
Works marvellous for thee thy God had wrought.
Salvation for thy Bulwarks he appointed;
As King in Zion, gave thee his Anointed.
Hephzi-ba, *Beula*, thou wast once to God,
Greatly belov'd! (thy Name's now *Ichabod.*)
Thy Sons and Daughters, when they did transgress
His Laws, them chastned with great Tenderness.
In all thy suff'ring Periods God was nigh,
Almighty Strength thy Weakness did supply.
* Ten Times and more within thrice Fifty Years
God crush'd thine Enemies, did prevent thy Fears.
Was Hell ransack'd to work thy final End?
The God of Battles did with them contend.
'Twas not thy Might, thy Pow'r, that did thee save;
Their dreadful Fleets, Heav'n made the Seas their Grave.
Publick History fails not to declare
What cruel Engines for thee they did prepare:
Heav'n them discov'red, thou escap'd the Snare.

* *Pointing at all the remarkable Deliverances* Britain *has met with since Queen* Elisabeth's *Time of blessed Memory.*

Twice in Twelve Months, of late, God ſent his Word,
To ſave from Famine and the bloody Sword.
Will *Britain* then change God for *Romiſh* Rites?
Quit Zion's Courts to *Popiſh Jacobites?*
Dethrone King GEORGE for but a mere *Pretender?*
And of herſelf to *France* make baſe Surrender?
No; Men both Great and Good yet in her dwell,
Will ſtand the Shock 'gainſt *Rome*, 'gainſt *France* and Hell.
Let *Rome*, *Pretender*, *France*, with Luxury,
Before the Sun be burnt in Effigy.
Let Irreligion by our beſt Divines
Be baniſh'd *Britain*; then from ſacred Mines
Pure Goſpel-truths more purely will be taught,
In Goſpel-net then Sinners will be caught,
Heav'ns Dew all Night will on our Branches ly,
Diviſions heal'd by Life of Unity,
In God's great Strength our En'mies we'll defy.
Then, O *Britannia*, thou wilt grow anon
Like Cedars tall that are in *Lebanon*.
If we reform thus, turning to the Lord,
He gracious is, and may us Help afford:
If not, but in our former State remain,
Who knows how ſoon black Clouds may mask again?
The *Aſian* Churches now in Rubbiſh ly,
Once famous for their Goſpel-liberty:
The *Jewiſh* Church, peculiar once to God,
Through all the Earth diſperſed are abroad.
Heav'n ſeems loth, as it were, to give us up;
Becauſe of Sin we drink this bitter Cup.
If Sword and Famine will not us amend,
By Peſtilence God may with us contend;
Our Folly in our Ruin then will end.
But while my Muſe, my Heart and † Quill combin'd
This ſad Cataſtrophe to keep in Mind,

All

† *Pen.*

All of a ſudden Heaven did inſpire
One, us to ſave from Perſecution's Fire,
Great *George* commands, what Heav'n decrees is
call'd,
Our Hero home now when we are inthrall'd.
The Winter Storms, the faithleſs Seas he tries;
As a bright Star, from Southern Pole he flies,
While *Jacobites* our *Cumberland* deſpiſe.
Star-crown'd Religion flat lies on the Ground,
Fair Liberty receives a dang'rous Wound.
Say *Jacobites*, We'll knock vile *Whigry* down,
Uſurper G——*ie* ſure ſhall loſe the Crown;
Our *Chevalier* to it we will reſtore,
He'll give us Laws juſt as we had before;
Our antient Rights we'll have, and them make ſure,
While ‡ *Gallic* Force and *Highland* Sword endure.
[Heav'n-daring Work indeed they have in Hand,
To baniſh Chriſt and's Goſpel from this Land,]
Well, *William* comes, the Guardian of our Life,
To free from Slav'ry and the *Highland* Knife,
At home, abroad, whatever Way he goes,
The beſt of Friends, a Terror to his Foes,
His Royal Father gives him full Command,
As Captain-Gen'ral, juſt as he did land.
Has God our Royal Duke ſent us to ſave
From Plunder, Murder, and a ſilent Grave?
Unfeignedly then we'll God's Praiſes ſing,
Pray for our Duke doth this Deliv'rance bring.
Th' enticing Glories of a ſplendid Court
Detain'd him not from what he was about:
A Warrior's Face he ſet to Northern Storms,
To ſearch out Rebels in their murd'rous Forms,
No ſuch Deliv'rer did for us engage
Before or ſince great ‖ *Naſſau* left the Stage,
As is our Prince, the Phenix of his Age.

‡ French. ‖ *King* William III. *of glorious Memory.*

He bent his Ear down to th' Afflicted's Cry,
His ſacred Perſon put in Jeopardy,
To ſave the Nation from vile *Popiſh* Wrath,
Its loyal Subjects from a violent Death.
Thoſe Treaſures bright lodg'd in his Royal Breaſt
They're too ſublime, too great to be expreſt;
The Churches Friend, likewiſe the State's Support,
His Country's Barrier, and the Poor's Reſort.
Had *William* been with *Cope* at *Preſtonpans*,
He uſeful Lives had ſav'd, and rout' the Clans;
Or at *Falkirk* upon that diſmal Day,
He'd ſav'd his Toil beyond the rapid *Spey*.
His Rumor made thoſe Deſperado's fly,
Th' *Aſſyrians*-like, did *Iſra'l*'s God defy.
They would not look * *Auguſtus* in the Face;
As he advanc'd, they skulk'd from Place to Place;
Where'er they went, diſturb'd the common Peace,
By violent Plunder, and by ſhedding Blood:
Thus did they deal with thoſe that them withſtood.
But when our Duke in haſte came from abroad,
Under the Conduct of a gracious God,
Did make them run through many pathleſs Road.
O'er Icy Mountains, and through Snowy Plains,
He drove thoſe Rebels to their *Highland* Glens.
In all his Routs by him they were not found
Until he came up to *Culloden* Ground.
Drummoſſie-muir there ne'er ſuch Honour bore,
As when its Natives lay in reiking Gore:
For their Rebellion 'gainſt their God and King,
Heav'n by our Duke did ſwift Deſtruction bring.
In hotteſt Fire firm as a Rock he ſtood,
As our Deliv'rer in a Sea of Blood.
Death's Inſtruments around him thick did fly;
While Thouſands fell, none of them him came nigh.

Heav'n

* *Our Duke.*

Heav'n did protect our Champion on the Field;
Angels his Guard, altho' they were conceal'd.
From sulph'rous Smoke most dreadful Thunders fly,
Did imitate th' Artill'ry of the Sky.
With Noise of War the Air was troubled round,
The lofty Mountains beat th' impet'ous Sound.
By quickest Deaths his En'mies soon did yield;
Thousands of Souls fled, murm'ring, off the Field.
Those Chiefs, so proud, would not themselves re-
sign;
Well, by our Prince they've made their last Cam-
paign.
They made no Doubt to have our Duke withstood;
He in full Measure gave them Blood for Blood.
It was unsafe to come within the Wind
Of *British* Banners, when with whizzing Sound
He bore down fearless on his cruel Foes,
Did drive them backward to compleat their Woes.
The Muir was ghastly to the Sight and Smell,
While Loads of mangled Flesh upon it fell;
Was weltring on the Ground, while fitting Breath
Convuls'd the Nerves, just yielding unto Death.
There on the naked Ground all cold did lye
Beneath the dusk wide Cov'ring of the Sky.
Insulting Hopes! Heav'n with an awful Smile
Laughs at the Proud, themselves did so beguile.
Their boundless Wishes to their Ruin tend,
And blind Ambition brought a shameful End.
Lo, there our Duke, amongst the num'rous slain,
Most valiantly the Victʼry did maintain.
O wonderful! Three thousand on the Spot,
Scarce Fifty were of *British* Forces shot.
A hard Pursuit, while hostile Troops gave Way,
Did crown the Triumphs of that glorious Day.
No moe *Pretenders* to our *British* Throne;
As for his *Son*, let him from us be gone,
Else give his Coffin as he first propos'd,
And let his Soul in Bliss be safe repos'd.

Return,

Return, O Victor, with thy Banners flying,
While haughty Clans they of their Wounds are dying
Thine En'mies Necks beneath thy Feet haſt trode;
Thou fights the Battles of the mighty God,
Doſt ſcourge Rebellion with thine awful Rod.
No *Pompey* proud, no *Alexander* Great,
No *Roman Ceſar* ever did ſuch Fate,
More than the *Roman* Lawrels are thy due;
Why, Truth and Virtue ſtill are in thy View.
Were *Indies* Treaſures all on *Britain*'s Shore,
For *Britain*, Prince, thou haſt done vaſtly more.
What's *Peru*'s Gold to an enſlaved Mind?
Treaſures to us, if Chains of Slav'ry bind?
But Poverty with Slav'ry, Hand in Hand,
Had join'd 'gainſt us, if *France* had got Command:
Heaven by thee from Slav'ry frees our Land.
My ruſtick Muſe, be ſtill: Immortal Deeds
By martial Trumpet, and by wiſer Heads,
Our Duke has done; they will proclaimed be
From Age to Age, to late Poſteritie.
O Heav'n indulgent, long preſerve our King;
More glorious make Great *George*' auſpicious Reign.
For the Great Sov'reign endleſs Wiſhes riſe;
Britain's Requeſts they humbly pierce the Skies,
To gain thy Safety 'gainſt inſulting *France*;
She be brought down, thy Greatneſs to advance.
Thy beamy Wing doth true Religion cheriſh,
Her Sons and Daughters gently thou doſt nouriſh.
She aids thy Counſels, and aſſiſts thy Hands,
While Numbers round thee wait for thy Commands.
She ſeeks not Honours with a pleaſant Smile,
Owns thee her Guardian in our *Britiſh* Iſle.
Thy ſounding Arms did *Gallic* Pow'rs annoy,
When Royal *William* beat the Rival Boy.
Let no Rebellion more fright *Britain*'s Stage;
Thy ſacred Life prolong our peaceful Age.
Heav'n has procur'd by thy ſucceſsful Arms;
Great *William*'s Conduct would admit no Charms.

The

The Balm ſurpriſing on thy Lips is found,
Doth eaſe the Torments of Rebellion's Wound;
Calms our Affrightments, and the Terror dies:
We ſhout thine Honours, while the Danger flies.
Our home-bread Wars, and the contagious Air,
Are calm'd and heal'd by thy induſtrious Care.
And now, Dear Sov'reign, by thine awful Hands
Heav'n Peace proclaims o'er all our *Britiſh* Lands.
Mad Zeal and Wrath and Frenzy muſt ſubmit
Their baſe-got Banners at thy ſacred Feet.
The Fogs and Miſts that *Rome* and *France* here rais'd,
Thou haſt diſpell'd; thy Subjects Minds are eas'd.
All royal Gifts, and Bleſſing from above,
In fulleſt Meaſure flow in Streams of Love,
On ev'ry Branch of thy illuſtrious Race,
That they may grow in each perfecting Grace;
And in thy Houſe by Heav'n be handed down
A cloſe Succeſſion to *Britannia*'s Crown,
To ſway the Sceptre, late poſſeſs the Throne,
Till winged Time bid Day and Night be gone.

FINIS.